

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

Apples Were Ripe.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.  
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EVELYN roamed aimlessly, but with exceeding enjoyment, through the lovely Long Island road. She hoped her destination would be the Nassau station and thence by train back to the city, but Evelyn's country jaunts did not always lead her in the direction she fancied she was going.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in late September she was anywhere but near the Nassau station. Evelyn was not, however, aware of this fact nor of anything save the extreme freshness of the air and the joy of being away from the small office on Broadway, where she read numerous stories by authors and authors in the making. Each Saturday, as it rolled along in the summertime, found her far from Broadway and sometimes too far in the heart of the country for her own safety. On more than one occasion she had been forced by the shades of night to beg a night's lodging in the nearest farmhouse.

Evelyn always reserved the time between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning for herself. During the week she was, as an editor, at the beck and call of any one who chanced into the office, and so every week-end she gave to her own company and took her tramps alone. It was thus that she managed to slip into her office chair Monday mornings with a clear vision and eyes unwearied and cheeks fresh with the color of new life.

"You great big beautiful sun," she whimsically remarked to the crimson ball that was slowly climbing down behind the trees; "you seem to have just dashed across the sky today, and yet I suppose you have really taken your leisure." Evelyn heaved a sigh, for this was Sunday evening and the next morning would have to see her at her desk heaped high with manuscripts.

She was swinging past an orchard in which the apples were red and ripe and casting their fruity fragrance into her hungry senses. Evelyn couldn't remember ever having wanted anything in the way of food so much as she wanted some of those rosy apples.

Desire harnessed to physical ability tempted her to leap over the fence and pilfer her choice from the orchard just as any small, hungry boy would do, but conscience bade her proceed farther and perhaps secure her apples honestly from a farm hand.

Evelyn was rewarded for her honorable intentions by seeing a sign a bit farther on which stated that apples were for sale, and she pranced joyfully through a dilapidated pathway overhung with grape vines to a shockingly unkempt but curiously charming cottage.

She knocked in vain on the paintless door and finally with an unduly quick remembrance. However, there was no response, and Evelyn's desire for apples only increased with the difficulty of procuring some.

Discouraged, she started away, but as she passed the odoriferous orchard she decided to help herself and leave payment for what she took.

She selected six beauties, pondered a moment as to their selling price and took a 50-cent piece from her purse, rummaged among notes, powder puffs and numerous feminine appointments until she discovered an errand handkerchief. Into this she put her money, and with a short bit of string secured it to the branch of an apple tree—one that would catch the eye of the farmer when he should return to his ramshackle cottage.

Munching contentedly at an apple, Evelyn continued her way along the road, and in the course of time arrived back in the city and at her small apartment, the rent of which had been raised to a shocking height only the day before.

It was during the month of November—Evelyn remembered well the day—that she received a splendid story from one of the newer writers.

"He may have been struggling for years and years," thought Evelyn, "but his name is only creeping about magazine circles now."

She had not forgotten the incident of the apples, because her brain seldom erased any of her wonderful recollections of country rambles. They were all very precious to her and this story coming from the pen of a vivid writer gave Evelyn a fierce hunger for the days of a summer past.

She knew, of course, that the author of the story was just one of the dainty accessories to a good story—that finding of fifty cents in a handkerchief tied to the branch of a tree. It had been brought into the story as one of the quaint experiences of one who dwelt on the broad country road.

So unusual was the coincidence of that idle moment of her own having drifted into this stranger's story and that very story having come into her own editorial hands that Evelyn was tempted to carry on the other side of the tale. She wanted to dash into a taxi, take a train for Glen Cove and the ramshackle cottage, find the young author seated before a fire with his pipe in his mouth dreaming of more stories, fall madly in love with him and live happy ever after.

Instead of that Evelyn dictated a most editorial letter to John Custome telling him that his story was charming and offering him \$150 for it. She added also that she would be interested in meeting him should he be in town in the near future.

So John Custome was in town in the near future. In fact, he took the first train out of Glen Cove after he had motored down to the village post-office and got his letter from Evelyn Monroe, editor of the "Boast."

It was, as always happens in the best of fiction, a case of almost instantaneous love—at least, the instant Evelyn found her hand in that of John Custome she had a wonderful feeling of contentment. John knew that with Evelyn's eyes looking into his he had

## Confessions of a Bride

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I was very lonesome after my nice brother-in-law had returned to the army aviation field. I sent Baby Babs back home with her nurse, Mrs. Charin. Probably I ought to have gone with them, but in spite of myself I "stuck around" that wretched border town waiting for my husband to come back, just as Jim, Jr. had prophesied I would do.

Would I have stayed in that lonesome uncomfortable place had Bob been off on ordinary business? Certainly not. I simply couldn't go north and leave the other woman and my husband in the same vicinity!

When I put the case plainly to myself it seemed so absurd! I hated myself for being tangled up in a vulgar sex triangle. I had never dreamed of that, the bride of Bob Lorimer could possibly have to live through an experience of that kind. Bob had loved me because I was intellectual and educated, he said. As a girl, I had been what is usually described as "spiritual." And Bob had pretended to adore that in me.

After I was married, I was shocked to find myself falling from my plane of high living and high thinking. And my own husband was pushing me down. Through him I was that a common creature—Katharine Miller—could touch my personal happiness!

It was unthinkable! It was a supreme insult of my life! Undoubtedly the girl was a morose—a beautiful girl with the mind of a girl of 12 years. She and I were as different as darkness and daylight. She was ignorant and passionate. I was educated and reserved. I compared myself to her with smug satisfaction. Doubtless every jealous wife has done the same thing.

The worst of my hurts was not that which touched my personal pride. It was Bob's fall from his own high plane which made me weep most bitterly. I had always held my Bob to be quite superior to the ordinary vulgar pulls of sex. My worst horror was the possibility that the girl might drag him down! Even if he no longer loved me I didn't want to see him degraded to her level!

That was a maternal feeling. I sup-

pose. In wisely love of the finest kind, there is always this maternal element.

I raged for a day and a night over the hard condition which I could not control. I collected ideas enough to make a large book. Its proper title might have been "Other Women's Husbands." And its theme the sad fact that women are themselves to blame. I rather fancy that if all women in general blame me—wives invariably blame husbands for every upset of the matrimonial car. Adam has always been scoffed at, but he was right when he "put it into the woman." I believe. Any permanent reform in the morals of matrimony must begin with women themselves.

"A union of women pledged to let married men alone, would help a lot," I heard Mother Lorimer say once upon a time.

I rather fancy that if all women would agree to leave properly married men to the sympathy and understanding of their respective spouses, the world would be a more decent place to live in. Women, when they become rivals are the worst enemies of the home.

"Honor between women—is there such a thing?" I asked myself. And I thought that the cheapest women in the world are not poor, roiled creatures who dress only with an eye to attract the men. These girls are at least honest—they do not attempt to conceal their intention.

The cheapest women in the world are the snugly respectable women who insert every place of social and business life and slyly fish the interest of other women's husbands. They desire to appear respectable and innocent. But they are the every-day vampires who work subtly and unseen. Like dangerous disease germs they poison society and destroy domestic life.

Katharine Miller was an every-day vampire. I wondered why I had ever made any attempt to save her.

I rather hoped she would swoop with the bandit chief. It would be a comfort to let Don Manuel's wife do the rest!

let him borrow you for a while. He knows a nice school for boys just your age, in his town, where you will get lots of exercise and training besides study. You will be with Uncle Peter every Sunday, and he wants to do a lot of nice things for you."

"Ye-es, mamma," Peter answered slowly. "I'd like to go—if you and daddy and the twins just wouldn't be too far away. You would come to see me, wouldn't you?"

So it was settled, and daddy took Peter down town the last Saturday afternoon and bought him a new suit of knickerbockers, new "Sunday" shoes, and a warm overcoat.

Early Sunday morning Peter went to see Hal and Corry and the rest of his little crowd, and promised to write as often as he could. When he came back, mamma was just saying:

"Yes, I know it's a wonderful thing for him, and I'm grateful to Uncle Peter. But—it's so hard to let him go."

"Never mind, we'll see him soon, and remember, I'm going to take him there myself," daddy answered.

After dinner they all started to the station. Peter was all a-tangle when he climbed on the train with daddy.

The last time he answered mamma's wave from the window, he thought he saw something shining rolling down her cheek, but he wasn't sure. Probably it was the sunlight. And she smiled at him, anyhow, so everything was fine as he started toward Uncle Peter's.

—Helen Carpenter Moore.  
(The End.)

## The Story Lady

The weeks flew past now for Peter, and for Mamma Palmer and daddy, too. For one day, near the end of the first school term, mamma had pulled Peter on her lap and asked him how he would like to go away to school with a lot of other boys.

Peter's eyes got too big and his mouth went too far open to let him talk.

"Uncle Peter has written to me," mamma explained, "and wants us to

To Ladies  
Who are Stout

Fat is fatal to health and beauty. Reduce weight sensibly and easily; improve your health and figure. Avoid heart trouble, wrinkles, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc. Besides personal embarrassment, due to obesity.

Look and feel younger. Walk sprightly. Let your eyes sparkle with new fervor, surprise and delight your friends. Be beautiful!

Go to the drug store and get a small box of all of KOREA (Korean) and follow directions of the K. system. Reduce 10 to 60 pounds under guarantee. Eat all you need (including some candy if desired) while reducing.

Don't bother about going through tiresome exercises or following rules of starvation diet. Why not become slender without drastic diets, worry and self-denial? Here's your chance!

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for  
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ARE NOW REDUCED

THIS is a remarkable Sale of Winter Coats, for it embraces every garment in our regular stocks. No special purchases or odd lots are offered, so that no matter what you choose you may be sure it is representative of the usual Osgood standard of excellence. And another important feature is the fact that there is practically the entire season left for wearing a heavy Coat assuring the fullest measure of value to every purchaser during this Sale.



At \$25.00

Excellent Coats in Velours and Heavy Cheviots in a wide range of styles. Some with Fur collars; all handsomely tailored and trimmed. Originally priced upwards to \$35.00.

At \$39.50

Fine Coats in Velours, Heather Tweeds, Broadcloth, Plush and Silvertone. All colors and sizes. Some have luxurious Fur collars. Formerly priced up to \$50.00.

At \$55.00

These include some of the most handsome Coats it has been our privilege to offer. Materials are Silvertone, Silver Tip Bolivia, Velours, Chin-chilla, Broadcloth, Velour de Laine and other fine fabrics. Rich Fur collars and other fine trimmings and linings are featured. Originally priced to \$69.50.

At \$79.50

In this group the Coats are distinguished by their beautiful styling and fine-quality materials such as Chamelon Cord, Tinseltone, Silvertone, Duo-Tone, Velours, Etc. Finest Fur collars adorn many and the linings are rich silks. Formerly they were priced upwards to \$100.00,—they are unusual bargains.

Other Osgood Coats Valued up to \$200.00  
Are Proportionately Reduced

Suit Sale Is  
Continued at  
20% Reductions

The woman who has not yet purchased her Suit will profit greatly if she makes her selection here. Every Suit—without reservation or exception—has been reduced 20%. Every one of the large and attractive Osgood assortment is offered at this great saving. We can't begin to describe these offerings, but it will be well worth your time to stop and look through our stocks. This is excellent Suit weather and there is no disputing the need in every woman's wardrobe for at least one medium or heavy weight suit.

THE SALE PRICES ARE \$23.60 TO \$140.00

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM GOT EVERYTHING BAWLED UP)—BY ALLMAN.

